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Piegan
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times; but when he went to tip him, the white man ran away. Then the White-Man-Buffalo chased him, and they had a race. There was fight, for the White-Man-Buffalo outran the white man. At last, however, he tipped him; but, instead of turning the white man into a buffalo, the White-Man-Buffalo turned into a man again; but he still had the buffalo's beard, and all white men have had it ever since. 000

2. *Why the White Man has Short Hair.* — There were two big camp-circles, one on each side of a river. In one camp-circle lived a white man who had married a wife from the other camp-circle. One day he said to his wife, "I will go visit my brother-in-law and see how he is getting along." At the same time the brother-in-law started out to visit the white man. The white man did not know this. Pretty soon the white man met two girls. They called him, and said, "Come on over here, white man!" He did not want to go. He was bashful and selfish, and lived by himself. He said, "No, I'm in a hurry. I can't stop to talk now." The girls kept calling him and beckoning to him. So pretty soon he went over to them. After a while he sat down with the girls, and they got him to lay his head in the lap of one of them. Then they said they would louse him. But he said, "No, there are no lice in my hair." The girls had some hack-berries; and when they would louse him, they would crack them in their teeth, and pretend they had found lice in his hair. All the time he was saying it was not so, but finally he went to sleep. Then they played a trick on him. They got cockle-burrs and stuck them into his hair as tight as they could, close up to the head, just as thick as they could. Then they went away, but not before brother-in-law had seen the white man with the girls as he came over the hill.

Pretty soon the white man woke up and felt of his head, and found it full of cockle-burrs. He didn't know what to do. When he went to scratch his head, he found it full of burrs. So he cut off his hair with his knife close up to his head. Then he started home again. He gashed his cheeks and tore his shirt and cried. His wife saw him coming, and sent the children out to meet him. They ran back and told her that their father was crying and had cut off his hair. She went out and asked why he was mourning. He told her that his brother-in-law was dead. But just then brother-in-law came along. So then white man said it was his uncle that was dead. But the brother-in-law said no, his uncle was alive. And then he told how white man was playing with the strange girls. So white man's wife took a club and drove him away. Ever since that time the white man has lived alone, and always wears short hair.

STANLEY CAMPBELL.

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A PIEGAN TALE. — During the stay of the Piegan delegates at Washington last winter, I heard the following tale of their hero "Old-Man," which apparently does not occur among the published collections. 539

Old-Man was travelling. He heard some one clinking on ice, and he saw two large wolves who had tied large rocks on their tails. When the rocks made holes in the ice, fat would come up; then they turned around and ate it up. So the old man saw them. He was pretty hungry. And 539 826

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he was crying, "I was longing to do the way you were doing." So the Wolf told him, "My brother, it is an easy matter." Old-Man had a long tail too. And the Wolf told him, "You tie a rock to your tail too. You can do it; but do not do it more than four times a day." So Old-Man started off. When he got around the bend, he picked up a rock and tied it to his tail. And he started off singing, "Now the ice should crack." Then the ice began to crack, and the fat began to come out. Then of course he started off. Every now and then he would do the same thing over again. Then, after the fourth time, he said, "I am going to do that the fifth time to see what will happen." Then the rock broke through and fell into the water. The night was so cold that it froze up on him, and he could not pull his tail out; and he lost his tail, and became bob-tailed. And he said, "I see! The rising generation are going to all become bob-tailed." That is the reason we do not have long tails now. 539 826

TRUMAN MICHELSON.

PIEGAN TALES OF EUROPEAN ORIGIN. — From some recent work with the Piegans, it appears that they have incorporated a fairly large body of European tales in their folk-lore. However, they are fully conscious of the fact that these tales are European in origin. It is of the highest importance that they claim that some of these are old, and some only recently acquired. A few are not specified as regards age. Tales which are said to be old are "Seven-Heads," "Rabbit runs a Race with Turtle," and "Big Fool and Little Fool." Tales only recently acquired are "Cinderella," "Blue-Beard," and "Jack and the Beanstalk." Tales whose dates are not stated are "Joseph and Jacob: How his Brothers sold him to the Egyptians, the Seven Fat Cows, the Seven Lean Cows, and the Four Ears of Corn;" the interminable adventures of "Little-John" and "Anthony."[1] 538 177 [71]

TRUMAN MICHELSON.

THE HAWAIIAN HULA-DANCE. — In the death in August, 1915, of Nathaniel B. Emerson, M.D., the territory of Hawaii loses one more of that older generation of native-born foreigners who knew from childhood the language and the people of old Hawaii, and interested themselves in its ancient lore. Dr. Emerson was a constant student of Hawaiian folk-lore. In 1898 he translated the "Hawaiian Antiquities" collected by David Malo in the thirties; his translation of the myth of the volcano goddess, Pele, and her sister Hiiaka, appeared just before his death; and in 1909 a study of the Hawaiian *hula*-dance was published as Bulletin 38 by the Bureau of American Ethnology in Washington. The *hula*, in its ancient and classical form, is analogous to the Japanese *Noh* dances and to other like institutions throughout the South Sea Islands. It was conventionalized into a real school of dramatic art. The object of this note is briefly to outline the facts collected by Dr. Emerson from the old Hawaiians about these ceremonial dances, as the practice and tradition have survived into modern time. 000

A *hula* performance consisted in a series of dramatic dances accompanied by song, sometimes by rhythmical instruments. It was given under the

[1] The informant had forgotten the names of these last two. I have supplied them, as the tales correspond extremely closely to the Fox stories of Pitcíčᵃ (= Petit-Jean) and Ätwänᵃ (= Antoine) (see American Anthropologist, N.S., vol. xv, p. 699).